NUMB. CLXVII.

The SPECTATOR.

——Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui ſe credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus ſeſſor plauſorque theatro;
Cætera qui vitæ ſervaret munia recto
More; bonus ſanè vicinus, amabilis hoſpes,
Comis in uxorem, poſſet qui ignoſcere ſervis,
Et ſigno læſo non inſanire lagenæ:
Poſſet qui rupem & puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad ſeſe: Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervaſtis, ait; cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.

Tueſday, September 11. 1711.

THE unhappy Force of an Imagination unguided by the Check of Reaſon and Judgment, was the Subject of a former Speculation. My Reader may remember that he has ſeen in one of my Papers a Complaint of an Unfortunate Gentleman, who was unable to contain himſelf, (when any ordinary matter was laid before him) from adding a few Circumſtances to enliven plain Narrative. That Correſpondent was a Perſon of too warm a Complexion to be ſatisfy'd with things merely as they ſtood in Nature, and therefore formed Incidents which ſhould have happened to have pleaſed him in the Story. The ſame ungoverned Fancy which puſhed that Correſpondent on, in ſpite of himſelf, to relate Publick and notorious Falſehoods, makes the Author of the following Letter do the ſame in Private. One is a Prating, the other a Silent Liar.

There is little purſued in the Errors of either of theſe Worthies, but mere preſent Amuſement: But the Folly of him, who lets his Fancy place him in diſtant Scenes untroubled and uninterrupted, is very much preferable to that of him, who is ever forming a Belief, and defending his Untruths with new Inventions. But I ſhall haſten to let this Liar in Soliloquy, who calls himſelf a CASTLE-BUILDER, deſcribe himſelf with the ſame Unreſervedneſs as formerly appeared in my Correſpondent abovementioned: If a Man were to be ſerious on this Subject, he might give very grave Admonitions to thoſe who are following any thing in this Life, on which they think to place their Hearts, and tell them that they are really CASTLE-BUILDERS; Fame, Glory, Wealth, Honour, have in the Proſpect pleaſing Illuſions, but they who come to poſſeſs any of them will find they are Ingredients towards Happineſs, to be regarded only in the ſecond Place, and that when they are valued in the firſt Degree, they are as diſappointing as any of the Phantoms in the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Sept. 6.* 1711.

'I Am a Fellow of a very odd Frame of Mind, as you will find by the Sequel, and think my 'ſelf Fool enough to deſerve a Place in your Pa- 'pers. I am unhappily far gone in Building, 'and am one of that Species of Men who are 'properly denominated Caſtle-Builders, who 'ſcorn to be beholden to the Earth for a Foun- 'dation, or dig in the Bowels of it for Ma- 'terials; but erect their Structures in the moſt un- 'ſtable of Elements, the Air; Fancy alone laying 'the Line, marking the Extent, and ſhaping the Mo- 'del. It would be difficult to enumerate what 'Auguſt Palaces and Stately Porticoes have 'grown under my forming Imagination, or 'what verdant Meadows and ſhady Groves have 'ſtarted into Being, by the powerful Fear of a 'warm Fancy. A Caſtle-Builder is even juſt 'what he pleaſes, and as ſuch I have graſped ima-

'ginary

ginary Scepters, and delivered uncontroulable Edicts from a Throne to which conquer'd Nations yielded Obeysance. I have made I know not how many Inroads into *France*, and ravaged the very Heart of that Kingdom. I have dined in the *Louvre*, and drank Champaign at *Versailles*; and I would have you take Notice, I am not only able to vanquish a People already cowed, and accustomed to flight; but I could, *Almanzor* like, drive the *British* General from the Field, were I less a Protestant, or had ever been affronted by the Confederates. There is no Art or Profession, whose most Celebrated Masters I have not eclipsed. Where-ever I have afforded my Salutary Presence, Fevers have ceased to burn, and Agues to shake the Human Fabrick. When an Eloquent Fit has been upon me, an apt Gesture and proper Cadence has animated each Sentence, and gazing Crowds have found their Passions worked up into Rage, or soothed into a Calm. I am short, and not very well made, yet upon sight of a fine Woman, I have stretch'd into proper Stature, and killed with a good Air and Mein. These are the gay Phantoms that Dance before my waking Eyes, and compose my Day-Dreams. I should be the most contented happy Man alive, were the Chimerical Happiness which springs from the Paintings of Fancy, less fleeting and transitory. But alas! it is with Grief of Mind I tell you, the least Breath of Wind has often demolished my magnificent Edifices, swept away my Groves, and left no more Trace of them, than if they had never been. My Exchequer has sunk and vanished by a Rap on my Door, the Salutation of a Friend has cost me a whole Continent, and in the same Moment I have been pulled by the Sleeve, my Crown has fallen from my Head. The ill Consequence of these Reveries is inconceivably great, seeing the Loss of imaginary Possessions makes Impressions of real Woe. Besides, bad Oeconomy is visible and apparent in Builders of Invisible Mansions. My Tenant's Advertisements of Ruins and Dilapidations often cast a Damp on my Spirits, even in the Instant when the Sun, in all his Splendor, gilds my Eastern Palaces. Add to this, the pensive Drudgery in Building, and constant grasping Aerial Trowels, distracts and shatters the Mind, and the fond Builder of *Babells* is often cursed with an incoherent Diversity and Confusion of Thoughts. I do not know to whom I can more properly apply my self for relief from this Fantastical Evil, than to your self; whom I earnestly implore to accommodate me with a Method how to settle my Head and cool my Brain-pan. A Dissertation on Castle-Building may not only be serviceable to my self, but all Architects who display their Skill in the thin Element. Such a Favour would oblige me to make my next Soliloquy not contain the Praises of my dear self, but of the Spectator, who shall, by complying with this, make me

His Obliged, Humble Servant,

Vitruvius.

Compleat Setts of this Paper, for the Month of Auguſt, are to be ſold by Mr. Graves in St. James's Street; Mrs. Bond at the Old Vine at Charing-Croſs; Mr. Lewis under Tom's Coffee-Houſe, Covent-Garden; Mr. Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beaufort-Buildings; Mrs. Treganey, near Eſſex-Street; Mrs. Boulter next the Roſe Tavern at Temple Bar; Mr. Sanger at the Temple Gate; Mr. Lloyd near the Church in the Temple; Mr. Knapton in St. Paul's Church-Yard; Mr. Round in Exchange Alley, and Mrs. Baldwin in Warwick-lane; where alſo may be had thoſe for the Months of March, April, May, June and July.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This Day is Publiſh'd,

An Impartial View of the two late Parliaments, their Proceedings and the Late Miniſtry, fully Juſtified. Together with the affairs of Convocation, wherein the Irregularities of the Lower Houſe are expoſed, from their Original to this Preſent time, and a fair Compariſon offer'd at, between the late Parliaments and the laſt Seſſion. Price 5 *s*. Printed for J. Baker in Pater-noſter Row.

At Andrew Bell's, at the Croſs-Keys and Bible in Cornhill, is open'd a Compleat Numerical Regiſter, where all Perſons may have their Tickets carefully entred at 6 *d*. per Ticket; and as ſoon as drawn an exact Account ſhall be immediately ſent them of the Succeſs that attends their ſeveral Numbers. N. B. At the ſame Place is kept an exact Numerical Book of the five Claſſes in the Two Million Lottery, whereby in one Minute any Perſon may ſee in what Claſſis their Ticket is Drawn, and the Courſe of Payment. There will likewiſe be opened Numerical Books by the ſaid Andrew Bell for the 1500000 Lottery, where any Perſon may ſee their Numbers as Drawn, much more to be depended on than any other can pretend to.

TO BE SOLD,

A Houſe in Soho-Square, four Rooms of a Floor, with Cloſets, Couch-houſe, Stables, Laindry. The Gentleman who has the diſpoſal of it may be heard of at Mr. Lillie's the Corner of Beaufort Buildings.

An Account of the preſent State and Government of the Empire of Germany: In a Letter to Thomas Foley of Whitley in the County of Worceſter, Eſq; by M. Le Vaſſor. Printed for Jacob Tonſon at Shakeſpear's Head over-againſt Catherine-ſtreet in the Strand.

The Retir'd Gard'ner, or, Dialogues between a Gentleman and a Gard'ner: Containing the Methods of Making, Ordering and Improving a Fruit and Kitchin-Garden, together with the Manner of Planting and Cultivating Flowers, Plants, Shrubs, and Under-Shrubs, neceſſary for the Adorning of Gardens, &c. In which is explain'd, the Art of Making and Diſpoſing of Parterres, Arbours of Greens, Wood-Works, Arches, Columns, and other Pieces and Compartments uſually found in the moſt Beautiful Gardens of Country-Seats. The whole enrich'd with Variety of Figures, being a Tranſlation from the Sieur Louis Liger. To which is added, a Deſcription and Plan of Count Tallard's Garden at Nottingham. The whole Reviſ'd, with ſeveral Alterations and Additions, which render it proper for our Engliſh Culture, by George London, and Henry Wiſe. Printed for Jacob Tonſon at Shakeſpear's Head over-againſt Catherine-Street in the Strand.

The Works of Mr. Francis Beaumont and Mr. John Fletcher, in 7 Vols. 8vo. adorn'd with Cuts. Plutarch's Lives in 5 Vols. tranſlated by ſeveral hands. Seneca's Morals tranſlated by Sir Roger l'Eſtrange. The Satyrs of Decimus Junius Juvenalis, &c. tranſlated into Engliſh Verſe by Mr. Dryden and ſeveral other eminent Hands. The Works of Mr. Congreve in 3 Vols. conſiſting of his Plays and Poems. Poems on ſeveral Occaſions written by Mr. Prior. Paradiſe loſt, a Poem, in 12 Books, by John Milton. The Chriſtian Hero, written by Mr. Steele. N. B. The three laſt are printed with a neat Elziver Letter in ſmall Pocket Volumes: All printed for Jacob Tonſon at Shakeſpear's head over-againſt Catherine-ſtreet in the Strand.

Le Diable Boiteux, or the Devil upon two Sticks, Tranſlated from the laſt Edition at Paris, with ſeveral Additions, the Second Edition Corrected. Printed for Jacob Tonſon at Shakeſpear's Head over-againſt Catharine-ſtreet in the Strand.

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